

I See Myself, Hiding in Your Memories

by The Lesbian Gavinnners

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Summary: The curtains are about to fall on Kristoph Gavin, and he's made sure there's only one person in the audience. Take a bow, Klavier, because it's all over now.

I See Myself, Hiding in Your Memories

****gavins ok****

* * *

><p>Klavier stood in front of the window, face blank.<p>

This couldn't possibly be real. It was a scene out of a nightmare; something his mind would conjure in his darkest moments to muddle his emotions.

That was all it felt like, at least- a scene. Klavier didn't feel alive enough for this to be real. This had to be fake, a disturbed puppet show he'd created just to toy with himself. Otherwise, how would he feel like his heart had stopped, like his blood had frozen and his spirit had drained? How else would it make sense that Kristoph was on the other side of the window, more tangible than he had been in years, yet so close to the edge?

Right now, his brother felt like a ghost. He wasn't dead yet, but wasn't quite alive either. He hadn't been fully alive and active in Klavier's life for a while now, imprisoned for a myriad of crimes that made Klavier sick to even consider- but this, this, thoughâ€¦ this was the end of the line. Kristoph had strung everyone along for so long, but now he'd run out of rope. His puppet strings were cut.

It was hard, seeing him like this. Klavier couldn't help but go through a mental checklist, to make sure that the man on the other

side of the window _was_ in fact, the Kristoph he knew- not that he knew who _that _was.

The man's glasses were same as always, rimless and delicate and with that convenient glare that hid his eyes with a tilt of the head. He hadn't started using the tactic on Klavier until late into Klavier's teen years, when the questions he asked became more difficult and the stakes kept on rising. The hair was the same as it had been for years, though Klavier could only guess as to how he maintained it in prison. It was like looking into a mirror: all soft curls and sweeping bangs, platinum blonde and silky smooth. Then there were the blue eyes, clear as Kristoph himself wasn't, and a subtly downturned mouth, displeasure at the ready. It all felt familiar yet different, as though Kristoph's form on the other side of the glass was simply a bad photoshop job.

Klavier couldn't help but notice, though.

The sallow skin was new.

The prison clothing was new.

The unease was new.

It wasn't a noticeable thing, like the pallor of his skin and folds of new clothing, but Klavier could tell. It was easier to read Kristoph after years, when he could decipher the slightly parted lips, and the hands that shook subtly as they kept from gripping something, _anything _in sheer stress.

Klavier wanted to laugh. Kristoph was uneasy. Two indictments of murder from his former student hadn't done it; murdering two people and attempting a third hadn't done it; the realization that his spineless little brother had finally hit back hadn't done it. Mortality was what finally unsettled him, his own death racing towards him. At the end of the day, Kristoph was only too human.

But then again, Klavier thought bitterly, shifting slightly for the first time in minutes to fist the cloth in his jacket pockets, maybe he wasn't. After all, what human orchestrated his death in such an explosive manner, requesting that his little brother and _only _his little brother be allowed in to witness the execution?

Klavier breathed, slowly. Apollo was right outside. He'd _promised._

_"I'll be right here waiting, alright?" _

_Apollo had said it so cordially, an offhand remark as though Klavier was picking up eggs at the grocery store. _

Klavier appreciated the effort, but there was nothing Apollo could do to diminish the reality of the situation. Try as he might, Apollo couldn't hide the tremble in his voice. It sounded as though he might break at any minute.

It was easier to just nod, though, easier than talking or thinking about it. It was all going to be over soon, Klavier might as well humor the denial of the situation. No need to think about this more than was necessary- that was what Kristoph wanted, wasn't it?

He made to exit the car when Apollo grabbed at his arm, and Klavier froze in place.

"Klavier, just- remember, it'sâ€¦ it's alright to feel sad," Apollo's grip on Klavier tightened, and Apollo shuddered. His eyes were locked onto his fingers, squeezing Klavier's arm as though it was liable to disappear.

"Or- or, y'know, whatever it is you're feeling!" Apollo suddenly corrected himself, head snapping up with widened eyes. "I mean, it's fine to feel any way, he was an awful person but he's still your brother, and I mean, I knew him too, he was really- well, is-"

_Klavier stopped him short, leaning over and kissing him on the forehead. Apollo's cheeks flared with a blush, a soft red tone stretching across his lovely face. It felt nice to surprise him like this, even if it was just to get him to stop talking. _

Klavier realized too late that the words weren't the problem. The awkward noise wasn't what was bothering him, no; it was the silence of it all. Klavier couldn't hear the rumble of the car, or the radio, forced to listen to the thump of his heart over, and over, and over again. It only got louder as the thought hit Klavier: this was it. This was the point of no return. After this, he'd have to go on alone, without his boyfriend.

_He had to stay strong, though. Otherwise, Apollo would get worried, and Klavier couldn't have that. _

Klavier tried for a smile, though it was probably more of a grimace. His voice was choked, and all he could manage was a pathetic whisper. "It's like you say, schatz. I'll be fine."

Klavier could be fine. He was just as fake as any of it, a plastic rock star to pose for the cameras. He was just another emotionless set piece in Kristoph's Death, Act 1, courtesy of the man himself. It couldn't be hard now. Kristoph closes his eyes, the curtains drop, take a bow Klavier, your brother is dead.

He'd have to get it right. He only got one take, after all.

Although, if it was all just Kristoph's show, Klavier was certain he was underperforming. He didn't have anything witty or meaningful to say, he could barely think straight at all. The only thing he could offer Kristoph then was a stare, cold and disbelieving- hardly what he'd call an Oscar-winning performance. His brother was about to die, and it was all Klavier could do to watch.

Klavier wished he was conflicted. He wished he could think of Vera, and Trucy, and Phoenix, and Zak, and all of the people whose lives had been destroyed by Kristoph. He wished he were thinking of atroquinine, of the heavy thunk of grape juice bottles, of scars that flashed skulls as his brother spun lie after lie.

Klavier wished his only thought hadn't been _please, please don't go._

Klavier just wanted to curl up in Kristoph's lap and doze, a buffer between his brother and the heavy law book he'd been studying all night. Klavier wanted to braid Kristoph's hair as he took a break, all the while mumbling about headings and exceptions and subsections, head leaned back and eyes closed. Klavier wanted to tackle Kristoph at the door, when he'd pat Klavier's hair in a small greeting, eyes traced with sleepless black and hair slightly frizzed. Klavier wanted to amble into Kristoph's room and tug at his sleeve, falling into his arms and waiting for the remnants of nightmares to disappear.

Klavier wanted _this _nightmare to disappear. He wanted his childhood back. He wanted the simple, thoughtless days without double meanings and ulterior motives and lies on top of lies on top of lies. He wanted the time before Kristoph thought of him as a tool, or a burden, and just as the little brother he could raise in the absence of their parents. He'd get a law degree, Kristoph said confidently, drying the dishes one night, and they'd be fine. They could support themselves.

After all, they were all the other had.

Klavier's hand messily wiped at his eyes, digging in to try and keep the tears at bay. His teeth were grinding together, he wasn't sure if he could keep the sobs in.

Kristoph was about to die, and all Klavier wanted was to have him back.

* * *

><p>I love these two? 5 seconds of interaction in apollo justice and I'm hooked. help all I can do is angst

thanks for reading

End
file.